

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON.
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.
EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.
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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Scab in Sheep.
We gave a recipe, not long since, which, if faithfully used, is considered effectual in this troublesome and ruinous disorder in sheep.

In pursuing an old work on agricultural subjects, the other day, we met with the following recipe, which we copy for the benefit of all concerned, and which is represented as never failing of success if well applied. It may be sometimes obtained when the other, which we have alluded to, cannot; and, beside, is not so dangerous to the general health of the sheep.

- Take 3 gallons of urine,
3 gallons of brine,
1 lb. sulphur vivum (flowers of sulphur),
4 lb. white copperas, (white vitriol or sulphate of zinc),
1 lb. alum,
1 lb. stone brimstone,
1 lb. leaf tobacco,
handful of fox glove leaves,
handful of broom twigs.

These ingredients to be boiled until reduced to two gallons, and then corked up.

When used, the wool should be parted on the backs of the scab, and a small quantity of the mixture poured on them, and this should be repeated three or four times, and well rubbed in.

The writer says: "I scarcely ever knew this application to fail the first time. My sheep, running on a common where this disorder prevailed very much when first I kept them, I found it very troublesome; but I have now the pleasure, with this recipe, not only to find my own sheep quite clear of it, but those of my neighbors."

Let us examine into this recipe a little. It is known that this disease is a species of itch. That it is caused by animalcules, or little animals, so small as to require a microscope to see them, burrowing in the skin of the animal, and cutting off all supply of nourishment to the wool, which comes off. We have no doubt that the ingredients mentioned, when properly applied, will destroy these animalcules, and thereby cure the disorder. But there are three articles that may be dispensed with, namely, the stone brimstone—because we have already used sulphur, which is the same thing; only one is in powder and the other solid—the leaves of the fox glove and twigs of broom are of no essential service whatever.

Old Threshing Machine.

A history of threshing machines, with plates illustrating the different devices that have been thought of for this business, would be a curiosity. In Europe many inventions were made, some of them very good ones, and some of them cumbersome and unwieldy. In the United States many contrivances were put into operation. In 1791, SAMUEL POWELL, Esq., of Philadelphia, and President of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, in a letter to ARTHUR YOUNG, thus writes:

"A machine for threshing and cleaning grain at one operation, has lately been invented by Col. ANDERSON, of this city. It performs exceedingly well, and, in its present state, delivers six bushels per hour, fit for the miller. The inventor expects to be able to deliver from 100 to 130, or perhaps more, bushels per diem, from one of his machines, which he is now constructing upon a larger scale than he at first set out upon. I have seen it work, and do not doubt of its success. It has the following advantages over all the inventions that I have seen for these purposes—that no previous preparation of the sheaf is necessary, but it is presented to the machine as it comes from the harvest field—that the grain is separated from the stalk without being broken, at least as perfectly as it can be done by the flail, and that the separation of the grain from the ear, the delivery of the straw and the winnowing of the grain, are performed by one and the same operation. The inventor flatters himself that he shall render it capable of threshing and cleaning clover seed."

We think it not unlikely that the inventor, by enlarging it as he proposed, spoils his machine. The great improvement of the threshing part of the apparatus of the grain cleaning machines now in use, was in making them smaller, reducing the cylinder in length, and having it less heavy and cumbersome, and capable of being worked with more velocity.

We should like to see a description of ANDERSON'S machine. Perhaps there are many in Philadelphia who can describe it. Will the Editor of the Farmer's Cabinet make some inquiries, and let us know the result through the columns of his paper?

PROLIFIC COW.—Dr. D. Y. PIERCE informs us that last Friday, he saw a cow belonging to SOLOMON EATON, Esq., of Bowdoin, which brought, on the 15th ult., three good sized calves. They were all heifers, and all active and well. The cow is a Durham Short Horn, seven years old.

That's filling up the barn yard pretty fast.

LAME.—A farmer saved his clover from destruction by the slug or small snail, on land bearing a wheat crop, by a slight dressing of powdered lime, scattered through a clover seed machine late in the evening, when the insects were busy at work. Lime would be frequently used if used in this manner. Sown in moderate quantity on light land, it will bring in white clover; it is said also that it will destroy the fungus which causes the rot in potatoes.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1845.

NO. 12.

Cheesology.
CHESHIRE CHEESE.—A subscriber asks us if we can give him the mode of making this cheese? No Sir. We were never in Cheshire, (England), nor ever ate any of their cheese. We only know from reading that the good people of that county, have, or had, a great reputation for making excellent cheese. We can give our friend the mode laid down in Agricultural works, as the process followed in that county when they make their cheese, which our friend may follow or not, as it seems to him good. In the 17th volume of Young's Annals of Agriculture, published as long ago as 1792, a Mr. John Chamberlain thus writes to Mr. Young:

"The process of making Cheshire cheese is as follows, viz. on a farm capable of keeping 25 cows, a cheese of about 60 lb. weight may be daily made in the months of May, June, and July.

"The evening's milk is kept undisturbed until next morning, when the cream is taken off, and put to warm in a brass pan, heated with boiling water; then one-third part of that milk is heated in the same manner, so as to bring it to the heat of new milk from the cow, (note this part of the business is done by a person who does not assist in milking the cows during that time.) Let the cows be milked early in the morning, then the morning's new milk and the night's milk, thus prepared, are put into a large tub, together with the cream; then a portion of rumet, that has been put into water-milk-warm the evening before, is put into the tub, sufficient to coagulate the milk; and at the same time, if anot-

to be used to color the cheese, a small quantity, as requisite for coloring (or a marigold or carrot infusion), is rubbed very fine and mixed with the milk, by stirring all together, then covering it up warm, it is to stand about half an hour, or until coagulated; at which time it is first turned over with a bowl, to separate the whey from the curds, and broken soon after with the hand and bowl into very small particles; the whey being separated by standing some time, is taken from the curd, which sinks to the bottom; the curd is then collected and pressed by a tub, which has a slip or loose board to cross the diameter of the bottom of it, for the sole use of separating them, and a board is placed thereon, with weights from 60 to 120 lb., to press out the whey; when it is getting into a more solid consistence, it is cut and turned over in slices for several times, to extract out all the whey, and then weighed as before; which operations may take about 1-2 hour.

It is then taken from the tub, as near the side as possible, and broken very small by hand, and salted and put into a cheese vat, enlarged in depth by a tin hoop to hold the quantity, it being more in bulk than when finally put into the press. Then press the side well by hand, and with a board at top well weighted, and placing wooden skewers round the cheese to the centre, and drawing them out frequently, the upper part of the cheese will be drained of its whey; then shift it out of the vat, first put a cloth on the top of it, and reverse it on the cloth into another vat, or the same, which should be well scalded before the cheese is returned into it; then the top part is broken by hand down to the middle, and salt mixed with it, and skewered as before, then pressed by hand, weighted, and all the whey extracted. This done, reverse the cheese into another vat, warmed as before, with a cloth under it; then a tin hoop, or binder, is put round the upper edge of the cheese, and within the sides of the vat, the cheese being first incased in a cloth, and the edges of it put within the vat.

"N. B. The cloth is of fine hemp, 1-2 yard long by 1 yard wide; it is so laid, that on one side of the vat it shall be level with the side of it, on the other it shall lap over the whole of the cheese, and the edges put within the vat, and the tin flit to go over the whole. All the above operations will take from seven in the morning till at noon. Finally, it is put into a press of 15 to 20 cwt. and stuck round the vat into the cheese with thin wire skewers, which are shifted occasionally; in four hours more it should be shifted and turned, and in four hours more the same, and the skewering continued. Next morning let it be turned by the woman who attends the milk, and put under another or the same press, and so turned at night and the next morning; at noon, taken out finally to the salting room; there salt the outside, and put a cloth binder around it. The cheese should, after such salting, be turned twice a day, for six or seven days; then left two or three weeks to dry, turned and cleaned every day, taken to the common cheese room, laid on straw on a boarded floor; and daily turned, until grown hard. The room should be moderately warm, but no wind or draught of air should be permitted, which generally cracks them. Some rub the outside with butter or oil, to give them a coat.

"The spring made cheese is often shipped for the London market in the following autumn, and it is supposed to be much ameliorated by the heating on board the vessel."

The whole truth of the matter is this: the making of cheese is a chemical operation, and the person who makes a cheese, performs a chemical experiment, whether he knows it or not. The business can be regulated by a knowledge of the laws of chemistry, so as to make a good cheese or a bad one, and to make the utmost which the milk can yield, or only a part. Some of the proprietors of the large dairies in New York, have been looking into this matter, and they find that it is possible to make a much greater number of pounds of cheese per cow during the season, than has usually been the case. This is done by following definite rules, and not going by guess. Read the following, which we find in the number of the Albany Cultivator for the present month:

CHEESE MANUFACTURE IN HERKIMER COUNTY. The address of Col. A. PETTIE, before the Herkimer County Ag. Society, is a sound, common sense article, evincing the good judgment and practical observation of its author. We give an extract in relation to the manufacture of cheese, which, from the facts it contains, is especially worthy of preservation:

"Some farmers make less than 300 pounds of cheese per cow in a season, while others exceed 600. Perhaps some of this difference may be accounted for by the inequality of advantages; but if I am assured by gentlemen whose skill in the art we have the highest confidence, that there is a great difference in the product per cow, when all advantages are equal. One case I will mention: A gentleman who has for years made more than 600 pounds per cow in a season, from a dairy of 25 cows, let out his dairy to a tenant, whose reputation as a common cheese-maker, was of the highest order. He observed, that the tenant's cheeses were smaller and lighter than they should be, and suspecting the cause, watched his mode of making them, and found it to be like that of nearly all the cheese makers in the country, by guess. The milk

was tempered, and set, and the curd scalded with a thermometer, and later care was taken in other parts of the process than he was accustomed to. He attempted to teach the tenant, who was rather prejudiced against 'book farming,'—reminded him of his reputation. The landlord, however, made a few cheeses himself, and the tenant looked on. These were found to be larger and heavier than the cheeses made by the tenant. The tenant then adopted the improved mode, and he could make as large a cheese as his friend. Both gentlemen now agree, that the improved mode increased the amount about 40 per cent. Now the tenant was evidently more than an ordinary cheese maker, for he would have made over five hundred pounds per cow during the season, but by the improved mode he made over six hundred."

Col. P. remarks that the average rate of cheese per cow in Herkimer county is supposed to be less than 350 pounds per cow, and that it is nearly all made by guess, it is fair to suppose that a careful, scientific mode of making would increase the amount at least 10 per cent; which would amount to over sixty-seven thousand dollars annually for that county.

From the Farmer's Monthly Visitor.

Feed Well.

If we would have our laborers perform well, give them good wholesome food, to sustain them in their efforts, for according to Professor Leibig, man is a sort of living, walking furnace, to which food is but the fuel, and the exhaustion by life and labor must be supplied to keep it in action. In cold climates, and in cool weather in the changeable ones, as our own, more meat, and the fatter the better and cheaper, is required in winter than in summer. This furnishes the necessary carbon, which like the wood in our fire places is fastest spent in the coldest weather;—and hence it would appear that lighter food, or fruits are adapted to warm weather. In those hot climates where no winter is known, pork is prohibited by religion, and wine it would seem is the prohibition; and there rice and fruits are the principal food of man. Fat meat, so acceptable to our palates, that is—our farmers—is supposed to be the most economical food, if we raise or buy it. In the same number of pounds there is more carbon, and hence a less quantity satisfies the appetite. The only exception to this, perhaps, was found in the apprentice, who complained first that the meat furnished was too fat; it was changed, and then, it was too lean; and "what do you want?" said his kind master. Why, "I want the lean of fat meat," said the epicure.

Feed your animals well, and the better the food, the less will they eat, and will do their work better and quicker. It is one source of happiness to see our animals in good condition. It makes us feel well when we observe our neighbors taking notice of them; and how does the blood mount to our cheeks when we sit behind or upon a poor skeleton of a horse, and we hear the voice of the traveler say to his companion as we pass, "bare bones." Animals too, are better tempered, as we saw as ourselves, when they are fed well. And the horse thief, who asked that the jury might go to dinner before his trial, show his wisdom. True, the time was, when witchcraft prevailed—that the farmer with poor cattle had an excuse—"the witcher! the witcher! owed him a spite!" and while he was asleep cruelly rode his cattle. But they have all gone; no horse shoes are now necessary over doors, or silver shot to keep these mischievous creatures at a distance. They have gone; for without the food of persecution they pined, and we trust have forever perished. So that now the lean ox does not break through the thin ice on the weight of unseen and invisible witches upon his back; and speaking of water it cannot be perhaps too often recommended to have it good and sweet in the barn yards where our animals are kept in winter. They cannot thrive without it; and they will not go of themselves far from it in stormy weather, or upon the ice or snow; that is to say, they will often go without when it would be beneficial. And lastly, if you would feed your cattle well, and be accounted a good liver by your neighbors, why then it is indispensable to feed your land well, for there must be a return to the generous soil, to supply the exhaustion by the crops. In my arrangement, to be sure, I have been somewhat of a bungler in beginning at the top of the edifice instead of the bottom, or foundation, for as a good neighbor of mine once said, "give me a good crop of Indian corn, and I will give you good pigs, pork, beef, abundance of eggs, my horse is sleek, and I myself look cheerful and jolly." I think we may lay it down as a general rule, that where the land is taken good care of, deeply ploughed and worked in good season, every thing else seems to be in harmony; there is a thrift, cheerfulness and independence. To have good crops, is the first and main object; and to do this, the manure should be taken care of as the means, or one of them to effect it. If other benefits have resulted from agricultural publications and societies, that of awakening attention to the saving, preparing and increasing of manures, this alone would be sufficient to indemnify a hundred fold, all the time and expense which have been devoted to these objects. We have seen farmers near our cities, purchasing and carting manure, while large quantities were wasting at their doors. This was years back. Their barn yards were carelessly laid out, and they were washed away into the roads by the rains, and they never thought of a compost heap. Happily, and with profit, these wasteful days in general have passed away, and we perceive care and judgment in these matters at every turn.

Another advantage from fertile land is found in the vigor with which it sustains the crops in winter, and during droughts in summer. In the animal creation, the weak and feeble soonest perish; and this is not less true in the vegetable kingdom. Every observing farmer must have noticed that winter grains, and the grasses, are less liable to be killed by the severity of the frost when the land is in good heart. So also an inferior variety always attains the same level. This fact is well known by the market gardeners near the large cities, and with whom a few days is so advantageous in the prices they obtain. And it is almost impossible in the ordinary dry seasons that occur, to prevent a crop, smaller of course, on the strong deep tilled land. The pile of manure never becomes dry. Open it at any time, and there is plenty of moisture, and it performs the same office in the soil by preventing in a degree the evaporation. And it is not often the case, that even our reduced returns, in dry seasons, give so much net profit than our greater abundance produces when the season has been favorable. Let us be up and doing then; our land in good heart, our animals in good heart, and we ourselves, brave and prosperous.

To IMPROVE THE FLAVOR OF COFFEE.—To each pound of roasted coffee add forty or fifty grs of carbonate of soda. In addition to improving the flavor, the soda makes the coffee more healthy, as it neutralizes the acid contained in the infusion.



ORIGINAL.
Berkshire Swine.

Mr. HOLMES.—I have had an opportunity, for a number of years past, to test the merits of the Berkshires, compared with other breeds of swine that have been recommended, by keeping them together, upon the same food. My full bred Berkshires have, in every instance, done the best. I have had some of a mixed breed, especially a mixture of the Tuscaroras, which have kept in as good order, but have not grown so fast nor so large. I have also selected pigs that appeared early, one from the full bred Berkshires and one from other breeds, which have been kept alike, in the same pen, until they were killed, and the Berkshires have done the best. I have usually kept those designed for breeders, after they were of sufficient age, on grass in the summer, with no other food when the grass was good, and upon such raw stuff as I had to spare in the winter, except when the sows had pigs upon them, and in every instance my Berkshires have done better, that is, gained more in weight, than any other breed that I have been able to procure, and they have done the same when fattening. I also consider them excellent breeders. They have good appetites, and hold their flesh well. When they suckle, are very docile, and good to take care of their pigs; but their pigs are not so large as those of some other breeds when on the sow. I have been speaking of the Black Berkshires that I have kept, for I am aware that but little can be known of the qualities of a hog by his name. The Berkshire hog that was imported by Capt. LOMBARD, of Wales, was very different from those introduced by Dr. NOURSE and J. W. HARRIS, of Hallowell. I have some of the blood of both, and also of two other swine, procured from different quarters, and possessing properties peculiar to themselves. There is another breed, called by the same name, recently introduced by Mr. L. GILDEN, of Sidney, that are white. He has an imported boar, called a White Berkshire, the breed of which are stated to be uncommonly thrifty, and inclined to fatten. His pigs are represented to be very thrifty, and to gain as much upon the food that is given them, as any that can be produced. I have kept a boar pig since the cattle show last fall, which was purchased of Mr. GILDEN at that time, when about a month old. He has done well upon whatever has been given him: his food, for some time past, has not been cooked. And from what information I have obtained in regard to this breed, I confidently think that it will be a valuable improvement upon our breeds of swine. I have now two litters of pigs, a week old, sired by Mr. GILDEN's imported boar, one from a young full bred Berkshire, and one from a sow three years old this spring, seven-eighths Berkshire. This sow was sired by the boar imported by Capt. LOMBARD. She has raised four litters of pigs, twelve to each litter, in two years, from a full bred Berkshire boar. A number of her spring pigs, at about nine months old, weighed over three cwt. The pig killed by Mr. GORHAM LUCE, which was noticed in the Farmer, was one of hers. She has now fourteen pigs, four days old. I have also two litters of pigs sired by a boar which I procured for the purpose of crossing with my Berkshires, whose breed was called a cross of the Newbury Whites and Bedford.

JOHN KEZER.

Winthrop, March 11, 1845.

Experiments in Planting.

The advantages of free admission of light, and free circulation of air, to the growth of plants, are in a good degree obvious to persons of any experience in agriculture. So important are these influences to Indian corn, that an advantage is known to result from giving the widest space to rows running north and south. This more readily admits the light and heat of the sun, than rows running in a contrary direction. It has been suggested that planting corn and potatoes in alternate rows, or in alternations of two rows each, would give a greater aggregate product for a given extent of land, than if each crop were planted entirely by itself. Experiments relative to this point have been made in Massachusetts for a few years past, under the direction of the Plymouth County Agricultural Society, and the results, so far, indicate considerable advantage in favor of the mode of alternate planting. Mr. Nathan Whitman, who received, for an experiment of this kind, made last season, a premium of \$15, planted half an acre with corn alone; from this was harvested 42 43-75 bushels; half an acre with potatoes; from this was harvested 136 7-50 bushels; and half an acre in alternate rows of corn and potatoes; from this was harvested 22 50-75 bushels of corn, and 79 40-50 bushels of potatoes. In this experiment there appears to have been a gain in mixed planting of ten bushels of corn to the acre, and twenty-six bushels of potatoes. Some experiments reported to this society in former years, we believe showed about the same results.

[Albany Cultivator.]

A SHORT-HORN CONTROVERSY has commenced in the London New Farmer's Journal, which promises to reveal some things which we fancy certain personsages, who figured so largely formerly in purchasing and sending out cattle for the American market will not care to hear. The veteran breeder Mr. Bates of Yorkshire, is one of the principals in this affair, and the way he shows up certain pretty long green horns is a caution to all beholders. There is scarce another man in England who possesses a tithe of the knowledge which he does on the subject, and we would give more for his single opinion in cattle breeding than for all that the dippant talkers, writers, and jobbers who have hitherto monopolized the public ear ever knew, or can know, or concoct together.

[Am. Adv.]

Making Manure.

Many important suggestions have recently been made in regard to the management of farms; this all indicates improvement, or at least, a desire for improvement. In this general strife to excel, I perceive the farmer sometimes overlooks important realities, and grasps at profits that are imaginary.

Within the past year much attention has been given to the subject of manure. Many schemes have been tried to produce the largest quantity of the best quality at the least expense. No doubt some of these experiments have resulted favorably, and will prove ultimately of vast importance to the community while others have proved an entire failure. Now my motto is, "a penny saved is as good as a penny earned." By a little care, much of this indispensable article may be saved, that on many farms through neglect is suffered to be lost. All farmers do not avail themselves of the advantages they have for making and saving manure. The barn-yard is the grand repository for manure, and when the farmer improves all the advantages to be derived from this source, it is certainly advisable to adopt other means to enlarge and improve his manure heap. Observation teaches me that it is impossible to estimate the exact loss of that man who pays no regard to the overflows of the barn yard. Often have I seen the yard well filled with litter for the comfort of cattle. This is commendable, for it serves another important purpose, by increasing the quantity of manure. This seems to satisfy, so far as concerns yard manure. Apparently no loss is apprehended from the freshets and thaws of the spring rains.

This is the great mistake; the yard overflows, and many go the richest part of the manure to fertilize—perhaps, a bog swamp, or may be some public road. I am sustained in the assertion that the most valuable part of the manure is thus lost, by the fact that the liquid manures are the strongest, and that they unite and pass off with the surplus water. Thus the whole mass of straw, &c., becomes drenched, and a great part of the sediment goes to enrich, perhaps the ocean. The manures are thus robbed of their alkalies and salts. The remainder is probably not worth half as much now as before the overflowing took place.

To remedy this evil, I would suggest the propriety of preparing a reservoir contiguous to the lower part of the yard, sufficiently large to retain the overflowing. Puddle the reservoir with clay, or prepare it in some other way to prevent absorption. The water and sediment thus secured, possess all the properties of manure. When the weather will permit, return the water from the reservoir to the yard, water the whole mass of straw, &c., which by this time has become somewhat dry, and will readily absorb the liquid of which it had been robbed. Thus the lost being found and returned to its owner, restores all the value that had been before possessed. I am of the opinion that by adopting this method, farms will add at least fifty per cent. to the value of their yard manures.

B. C. D.
Trombault, Ct., Feb. 5, 1845.
[American Agriculturist.]

Effects of Ashes.

Mr. Peter Crispell, of Hurley, Ulster county, informs us that he raised last year, on one acre of land, three tons twelve hundred and eighty pounds of hay, at one crop. The hay was in merchantable condition and of good quality, as will appear from the fact that it was sold at eight dollars per ton, and was all weighed on the scales. The soil where this crop grew, was a dry, loamy alluvion, and had been in grass many years. Last spring Mr. C. spread on a hundred bushels of leached ashes to the acre, which cost eight cents per bushel. The ashes increased the quantity of hay nearly one-half, and from former experiments in the use of them, it is known that their effects continue for several years. Mr. Crispell has made some trials with both leached and unleached ashes, and the results in his case, would seem to show that the unleached are not more valuable than the leached. He thinks that ashes which have been left in the barn, being leached, are much more valuable than when they are applied immediately after leaching. He informs us that this is also in accordance with the experience of several of the Long Island farmers with whom he has conversed. We are aware that results do not appear to have been uniform in regard to the action of ashes, but we have heard the same views as are held by Mr. Crispell frequently given by other farmers. [Albany Cult.]

Oats.

This grain is not cultivated in anything like the proportion that it should be at the south and west. It is one of our best grain crops at the north. We easily get from 30 to 65 bushels per acre here, and consider the straw as highly valuable for feeding to stock, especially when cut pretty green—as it may always be—without lessening the yield of grain. Chemical analysis affirms that 135 lbs. of one straw are equal to 100 lbs. of good hay; for the same value, it requires 374 lbs. of wheat straw, and 442 of rye. Oats are so much more easily cultivated than corn, we are astonished that the planters of the south do not pay more attention to them. They need never be at the trouble of threshing, unless they prefer it. All they have to do is, cut them when the berry is in the milk, let them cure properly, then tie them up in small sheaves and stack them, being careful to leave an air hole in the core of the stack, to let off any fermentation that may arise, and prevent heat and must. As the oats are wanted for feed, they should be cut up, straw and all. A straw-cutter is best for this purpose; but it may be done with considerable ease and rapidity with a sharp broadaxe, on the head of a block standing three feet high. Oats, as we remarked in our January No., are infinitely better food for horses and mules—and, indeed, for all work animals—than corn, more especially in a hot climate. Corn abounds in oil, and only makes the animal fat; whereas oats give them hard, enduring muscles. Not one farmer in a hundred knows or appreciates this fact, and yet how important to him. The hardy, muscular peasantry of Scotland get their enduring flesh from eating oatmeal. It is better than Indian corn for hard-working men, as well as cattle, depend upon it.—[American Agriculturist.]

STYRON for separating milk from cream. The syphon is made from block-tin, with a tube about a quarter of an inch bore. They are completely self-acting, merely requiring to be inserted in the milk and set at work, the stream continuing to flow by their decantation until the cream presents itself for admission into the lower orifice of the tube, when its greater body and fluidity prevents its free passage, and the syphon gradually stops of its own accord. This complete draining of the milk from the cream, renders the butter very superior in its keeping properties.

A wet silk handkerchief tied without folding over the face, it is said, is a complete security against suffocation from smoke, as it permits free breathing, at the same time keeps the smoke from the lungs.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

From Mr. Ellsworth's Report.
Selling Fence Posts.
OFFICE OF THE SYRACUSE AND UTICA R.R. CO.,
Syracuse, January 2, 1845.

Mr. Rogers, the postmaster here, handed me your letter of the 17th ult., inquiring as to the use of salt in preserving timber from decay. I enclose you a copy of an article from the Cultivator, and also a copy of the writer's answer to his letter.

I am fully convinced that salt may be put into green timber, and so plugged up as to exclude moisture, and that it will preserve it for a long time. I think the length of time depends very much upon the care with which it is done. The small posts or stakes driven under the salt vats, are considered as practically indestructible. Those that have been driven twenty years are sound. The whole business proceeds upon the assumption that they will not decay. For ought we can see, they will endure for fifty years, or as long as they are thus used.

Yours, very respectfully,
JOHN WILKINSON.

HON. H. L. ELLSWORTH,
Commissioner of Patents.

To preserve Fence-posts.

POLAND, HERKIMER COUNTY, N. Y.,
January 10, 1838.

DEAR SIR: If you think the following is worth a notice in your valuable paper, you will be at liberty to publish it. The subscriber believes it may be useful to many of your readers.

In the spring of 1832, I set some saved hemlock fence posts—one half of them I salted, boring downward, and nearly through the post; then nearly filled the hole with salt, and plugged the hole to exclude the air and water. In the spring of 1830 the posts not salted were all rotted off; on removing them, there was not found a particle of sound wood below the surface of the ground. The salted posts are all now standing; and, to appearance, may stand years longer.

ABEL STILLMAN.

MR. J. BUEL.

POLAND, June 30, 1843.

DEAR SIR: Those salted fence-posts you inquire about have decayed, and are removed. The first one replaced was in 1841, and the last in 1843. It might be proper to say that those posts were not more than four inches square, and that they were after they were set in the ground, and with only a single application of dry salt—and that, too near the surface. It is best to apply the salt with water, whilst the posts are in a horizontal position; and keep them supplied some time before setting, as it is more convenient, and the salt penetrates the wood both ways better.

Since the publication of my article in the Cultivator, I have heard of many instances where salt has been successfully used in preserving timber.

Your obedient servant,
ABEL STILLMAN.

MR. J. WILKINSON.

Hydraulic Cement.

MESSRS. FLEET & STARR.—The following may be useful to some of your readers; it is from the supplement to Ure's Dictionary, an English publication, which work has been recently re-printed in your city:

"All sorts of lime are made hydraulic, in the humid way, by mixing slaked lime with solutions of common alum or sulphate of alumina; but the best method consists in employing a solution of the silicate of potash, called liquor of flints, or soluble glass, to mix in with the lime, or lime and clay. An hydraulic cement may also be made which will serve for the manufacture of architectural ornaments, by making a paste of pulverized chalk, with a solution of silicate of potash. The said liquor of flints will likewise give chalk and plaster a stony hardness, by merely soaking them in it after they are cut or moulded to a proper shape. On exposure to the air, they get progressively indurated. Superficial hardness may be readily produced by washing over the surface of chalk, &c., with liquor of flints, by means of a brush. This method affords an easy and elegant method of giving a stony effect to plastered walls and ceilings of apartments; as also to statues and busts, cast in gypsum mixed with chalk."

The above are most valuable compositions, and most excellently adapted to resist moisture and decay in every form, and are well worthy of a trial by any one requiring a cement with these desirable qualities; and we further advise our readers to supply themselves with the work from which our correspondent makes his extract—ensuring them that from its pages they can gather a fund of scientific and practical knowledge which will be invaluable. It is republished by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., 260 Broadway, [N. Y.] Farmer.

The new mode of Printing.

The *Albion* of Saturday gives further particulars of the wonderful discovery for making an almost instantaneous fac-simile of any engraving or printed page. In 1841 a fac-simile was made of four pages of the *Albion*, at Berlin, so perfect that it could not be detected from the original. "The discoverer was M. Baldermann, now of Berlin, and the process has been communicated to Mr. Woods of Bargeyard Chambers, Bucklebury. The original to be copied is prepared by peculiar chemical means, and pressed in a tight contact with metallic plates, whereby a reversed fac-simile is obtained; and after the metallic plates have been prepared by a second process (which prevents the adherence of ink on the blank spaces) the impression is inked up with rollers, and printed from in the usual manner of surface printing. Eventually, the proprietors are sanguine of being able to print fac-similes of circular surfaces, and consequently produce an unlimited number in a short time. Both sides of a newspaper can be transferred simultaneously on the contiguous cylinders. Nothing can exceed the ease, the elegance, and rapidity of the whole operation.

HAYDEN'S BUTTON FACTORY.—The Haydens, two brothers, commenced the business of making buttons by hand, at Haydensville, near Northampton, employing only two or three hands beside themselves. After a few years they enlarged their establishment and their business is said to have proceeded and increased as follows:

Year.	No. hands.	Capital.
1835	24	\$20,000
1836	50	30,000
1837	100	50,000
1838	200	100,000
1839	225	\$125,000
1840	235	130,000
1841	235	130,000
1842	235	130,000
1843	245	145,000
1844	275	175,000

In 1844 the number of buttons manufactured per day was 1600 gross; and the number of pens manufactured per day was 100 gross.

FLYING MACHINE. The New York Sun says that Signor Muzio Muzzi has brought to that city from Italy the model of a flying machine, which he privately exhibited in December last to a number of gentlemen—among whom were Gen. Talmadge, professors Renwick and Mape, and Messrs. Ericsson and Chilton. They testified that the experiments were "beautiful and satisfactory;" all of which is certified by a Notary! The machine was invented in 1839, but it seems to have made very little progress.

Hope. "Cultivate the faculty of hope. It is better than money—for the more you use it the larger it grows."

Very true—there is nothing like hopefulness—hope on, hope ever. To be sure, most of us find that when our hope is realized it is not the thing we expected it to be. The point has been attained; but it is often that distance lends enchantment to the view, and we are rather disappointed in the results of our own success. But what of that? Is it not a provision, to keep us from indolence and stagnation? Away, then, after another hope—start hopes in succession, for the exercise and health of your spirit. Always have something to look forward to, and cultivate the hoping faculty as an essential constituent of happiness. He who has done with hoping is a living death. His vitality is exhausted, and grim despair demands him as her own. Combat such apathy with all your might. Compel yourself to take interest, even if it is only in trifles. Be in this respect, as much like a child as you can; and if the prospect of a new hat, or of another pair of shoes, can tickle your fancy, why should you not enjoy the emotion? Misanthropy often affects to despise those who feel great interest in small things; but let it reveal, if it can, in bitterness, the wiser part is to extract honey from every flower, however humble and insignificant—a multitude of little hopes are pleasant companions, to swarm around our footsteps.—[Neal's Saturday Gazette.]

A Beautiful Picture.

We find in the New Orleans Republican the following paragraph:

"As we were strolling down in the Third Municipality yesterday about dark, we were attracted to a bright light through the windows of a low hotel. On approaching we found a poor Dutch woman, reading a *very* little bible by the light of a pine knot fire. 'Here,' thought we, 'is a bible more luminously shining on the track toward Heaven, than any other illuminated bible we have ever seen—Harper's not excepted.'

Here is a subject for a painter.—The Illuminated Bible." On such a scene as this, we can well believe, the All-seeing Eye looked with greater complacency than it has on the robed priest bending over the richly-bound volume, surrounded by golden candlesticks and lighted with waxen tapers. Massinger has well said:

The immortal gods Accept the meaneast altar that is raised By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer An altar of frankincense, honey or milk, Before whole hetrocumb of holiness genuflect Offer'd in ostentation.

The poor woman with her cheap bible and pine knot light, presents a picture of humble, though pure devotion; and lowly as was her dwelling, Faith decked it with more than regal splendor—and limited as may have been her understanding, doubtless, in the language of Congress—

Her pure thoughts were borne Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds, And wafted thence on angels' wings, thro' ways Of light to the bright source of all.

(Portland Transcript.)

The Portland girls are first rate spunk. The Bulletin tells a good story of one of them who a few evenings since was accosted in the streets by one of the evening rowdies with a proffer to accompany her home. She declined the honor with the remark that she was not accustomed to accept the company of strangers in the street. He insisted, and at length finding it impossible to rid herself of his importunities, she offered him her arm, and together they marched along till they came to her home, which was at one of the extremes of the city. On arriving at the door, he seemed loth to yield up his charge, and accompanied her up the steps, when she seized his cap, (a rich and costly one) and flung it into the house, informed him that if he would call at the shop of Mr. —, No. —, Fore street, on the morrow, he could have it; at the same time cautioned him not to insult unprotected females in the streets again. He implored her to return his *golgotha* but she was inexorable and cut short further acquaintance by shutting the door in his face. Next morning true to her word she sent the cap to the place designated, but it is hardly necessary to say, it has not yet been called for. The worst of the matter is—there was a name to the cap—a definite, unequivocal cognomen!

VENERABLE INDIAN CHIEF.—The Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Whig, of a late date, mentions that Governor Blacksnake, a grand Sachem of the Indian nation, was in that place. He resides on the Allegheny Reservation, about twenty miles from the village; is successor of Corn Planter, as chief of the Six Nations—a nephew of Joseph Brant, and uncle of the celebrated Red Jacket. He was born near Cayuga Lake, in 1749, being now 96 years of age. He was in the battles of Fort Mifflin, Wyoming, &c., and was a warm friend of Gen. Washington during the Revolution. He was in Washington's camp forty days at the close of the Revolution—was appointed chief by him, and now wears suspended from his neck a beautiful silver medal presented to him by Gen. Washington, bearing date 1796.

DANGERS OF THE SEA. Two hundred and eight vessels were wrecked in the last twelve months on our coast alone, in which one hundred and five lives were lost. Twenty vessels are yet missing, and a number of wrecks have been passed at sea, whose melancholy story, we fear, will never be told. Of late years seven hundred lives yearly have been lost at sea, from this country alone, where are one hundred and forty thousand seamen; two thousand from England, where are two hundred and ninety thousand. In the county of Barnstable, in this State, there were living, a short time since, nine hundred and thirty-four widows of seafaring men. [New Bedford Mercury.]

CAUSE OF DEATH.—Dr. P. D. Badger, of Peterborough, N. H., has published some statements of facts, which in his judgment go to show that to lodge in a newly painted house is hazardous to life. He mentions the death of his wife and the recently approaching death of his child; also the death of one of his children two years old; and also several other cases of death—which he says might be greatly multiplied—all occurring apparently, in consequence of living in houses immediately after being painted. The disease engendered was upon the lungs.

ANOTHER BOSTON NOTION.—We learn from good authority, that one of our citizens has made a donation to the Athenaeum of fifty thousand dollars, to constitute a fund for the increase of the library. It is gratifying to perceive that, through the liberality and enterprise of the Bostonians, this institution bids fair to become the noblest of its kind in the United States.—[Boston Courier.]

The Salem Register says, Boston Common, in days long past, witnessed the hanging of four of the Quakers, who early embraced the opinions of Geo. Fox, and came here to enjoy freedom with the Puritans, and there is hardly a jail in this part of the Commonwealth, in which many of their associates were not confined.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1846.

Exhibition of Pupils of the Asylum for the Blind.

We not long since witnessed an exhibition of some of the pupils from the Asylum for the Blind, near Boston. There were four young girls and two young lads, and it was an interesting sight to see with what facility they would read with their fingers' ends, and how readily they solved mathematical questions, the abstruseness of which would puzzle very many who are blessed with two good eyes and all the appliances of machinery and apparatus for such cases made and provided, to boot.

It is a pleasing reflection that the improvements of the age have been so successful in this department of education for the unfortunate class who have been bereft of sight; and who, but for these inventions, would be shut out from all the avenues of knowledge and science. The State has made liberal provisions for the support of indigent persons belonging to the State, who are deprived of their sight, at this institution. The charity of the State cannot be better or more appropriately applied.

MASS MEETING OF NEW ENGLANDERS.—The Boston Tribune proposes a New England Jubilee at Bunker Hill, five years hence, (1850) and that the Governors of the several New England States, and the Presidents of the New England Colleges, be a Committee to send out a call for the meeting. All this may be well enough, friend Tribune, but have you a Bunker Hill big enough in your "digging" to hold them all?

Augusta Brass Band.

The Augusta Brass Band gave a Concert on Tuesday evening last, at the Representatives' Hall, assisted, in part, by the Glee Club.

It was an excellent performance. The young men composing this Band are worthy of great praise for their exertions in getting up and qualifying themselves so well in this pleasing, but difficult branch of musical science, and we trust they will ever receive the approbation and encouragement of the public. They are a band of young men who have employed their leisure hours in self improvement; and thus, have made the time required for rest from more severe labors, not only valuable to themselves but to the community.

THE GLEE CLUB gave their last concert of the course on Monday evening last, at the Universalist Chapel, which was "filled to the brim" with highly pleased listeners. They were assisted by Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Josselyn, Miss Wendenburg, and Mr. Barnekey. All the performances were creditable to the performers, and very acceptable to the audience, as we judged from the frequent outbursts of applause.

WASHINGTONIAN FRATERNITY, No. 1. A society, under the above name, has recently been organized in this town. It has for its object the reformation of the intemperate by moral means alone, and is based on the Washingtonian principle of 1841. It has, we learn, some forms peculiar to itself at the present day, among which is the admission of none except those who know from experience the evils of intemperance. The public meetings commence next week, when our citizens can see for themselves the *modus operandi* of admission and other ceremonies.

PRETTY LIBERAL.—The New York Bible Society have distributed more than nineteen thousand volumes or copies of the Bible during the past year. They have published it in eighteen different languages.

MORE GREASE.—Some of the Boston capitalists have purchased lots at Chelsea for the purpose of erecting buildings for the manufacture of lard oil.

"The Haunting" of the Geese has come.—Several flocks of wild geese passed over this place last week, in a north easterly direction. If they haven't found a "cool reception" by this time, we are mistaken.

AN IN-HUMAN BUTCHER OF HUMANITY. Gen. Rosas, who is styled the Dictator of the Argentine Republic, but who should be called the butcher of that same republic, has, it is said, murdered by poison, 4, cut the throats of 3,765, shot 1,393, by the pignard 732, in battle 14,920, and by various other means, for desertion and such like crimes, 1600.

SHAD, NO! NOT SHAD. They have begun to catch shad in the Delaware river, and we suppose we may begin to do the same in the Kennebec. It is said they have made up their minds not to come up the Kennebec after this year, as they are afraid to face the Legislature.

ILLINOIS RAILROADS. The Prairie Farmer has a crack at the Illinois railroads. There are the whole of seventy miles finished, and the editor actually saw, with his own eyes, two mules dragging a car on it, laden with two bedsteads, a cook-stove and three bags of oats. He thinks such cars very safe; no danger of bursting the boiler or running off the track.

EARLY SEASON. The editor of the Pottsville Miners' Journal is in ecstasies because he saw a blue-bird the other day. He says the birds are swelling. They are swelling here—we have seen some burst by the front, and on Monday last, if we didn't see any blue-birds, we saw a good many blue noses.

A FOOLISH AUTHOR. Gov. Thomas, of Maryland, has published a work of fifty pages all about his matrimonial troubles. If all the matrimonial troubles were published, Congress would have to annex two or three big planets for a library to put them in.

BAKE, THE PIRATE. Captain Tyler wouldn't pardon him, but recommended him to Mr. Polk's merciful consideration.

HAIL, BRITANNIA! A few wealthy ones in Albany are about commencing the manufacture of Britannia ware in that city.

O LUCIFER! It is said by a London paper that a Lucifer match maker in that city, employs five hundred persons, men, women, boys and girls. The "Old Lucifer" employs more than that.

SCAT! A Lehigh paper states that two wild-cats were seen lately on the Lehigh mountains. We saw three on the roof of a house in this city yesterday morning, only one was a kitten.

Editorial Scribblings.

BY "SHEEPSFOOT."

Effect of Eating Mustard.

"Russell, my boy, hold up your head up, and see if you can answer correctly a few questions."

"Just so, Sheepsfoot. Please to start your interrogative tag."

"Tell me, if you can, why those hot-headed and fractious Representatives at the Capitol, who often call each other hard names, are like a pan of milk that has gathered lint or dirt?"

"Ah—oh—yes—well—no. That's a poser. Like a pan of dirty milk? Well, now, I shall have to give that up."

"Give it up, eh?"

"Yes, I give that up, no mistake."

"Well, the reason is this: because they need re-training."

"Ha, ha, ha! Now, Sheepsfoot, if it will not be 'distressing to your inner endurances,' I shall take the liberty to ask you why those same fellows are like a herd of hungry moose?"

"Like a herd of hungry moose?"

"Yes. That's what I ask you."

"Well, Russell, I shall have to knock under to that. I give it up."

"Give it up, do you?"

"O certain. I can't do anything else."

"Well, I'll tell you why. Because they need and deserve much 'brouse-ing.'"

"Ha, ha! They'd 'brouse' you, my lad, if you should tell them so. Now tell me why legislative bodies in general are like uneasy hens, that leave their nests often, and thereby spoil the eggs?"

"I shall give that right straight up without 'succeeding' on the question."

"Because they are a long time in sitting, and bring but few small bills to light."

"That's a fact. But then these legislative hens realize more from the business than those of another genus."

"How so, my boy?"

"Why, because their cocking brings 'em' in two dollars a day, and roast beef if they want it."

"Pshaw! You ought not to speak so. Once more and I have done. Why are our Maine legislators like trees in the early part of spring?"

"Can't come that. I give it up."

"Because they are slowly making preparations to leave."

"Pretty good, that. I must have the last word. Now tell me why Legislators in general and Congressmen in particular, are like a band of industrious, hard-working, patriotic and honest men?"

"I give that up, my boy."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well—so do I too!"

Short Machine Discourses.—No. 1.

DELIVERED EVERY FREQUENTLY, THE WEATHER PERMITTING.

TEXT—"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." ROMANS XII. 18.

Beloved hearers—The text which I have selected as the foundation, or starting point, of a few remarks this morning, is one which should receive the serious and attentive consideration of every man, woman and child, who is now within the sound of my sonorous voice—yes, every human being that lays the slightest claim to civilization, or has the faintest desire to see the wheels of the great clock of human happiness and felicity, which was invented and put in motion by the great artisan of the universe, again move on harmoniously, without missing a single click, or losing so much time as it would take for a current of electricity to overtake a mud-turtle on a wager of a kingdom. I am sorry to say, that, since mother Eve's first bad act upon the stage of life, and father Adam's lamentable fall from his high standing, through the influence of his *worser* half, or extracted rib—I mean his blooming, young, frolicsome and giddy-headed wife, Mrs. Adam, generally known as mother Eve—I say, ever since Adam's fall, this magnificent and beautiful clock of happiness and felicity, has been sadly deranged, and seems to grow no better very fast. Large clouds of sin have been thrown among its wheels, breaking and bending many of their minute but important cogs, thereby throwing the machine into fits of the delirium tremens genus, making it gain time to-day and lose to-morrow—in fact, knocking, as it were, the whole into a cocked hat;—and if we look at the matter with a microscopic eye, we shall undoubtedly find that the majority of these junkies of wickedness have been saved off of the war-spirit trees. These are germinated in the human heart, and unless the rich soil of that member of the inner cobweb of our existence be thoroughly spaded or ploughed up, and the witchgrass roots of these trees thrown up, in their babyhood, to the glorious sun of peace, that they may be withered by its rays and thus exterminated, we shall be carried on over the railway of life up to our chins in perpetual strife and hot-water trouble, having our bodies pierced as thickly with the poisonous arrows of sin and misery, as a porcupine's hide is stuck with its own natural and sharp pointed quills. But let these trees be "nipped in the bud"—killed in their embryo state—and what will be the consequence? Happiness, contentment and plenty. What saith wisdom? Let your ears drop within yourselves, and listen to that "still small voice," which whispers as gently, and yet distinctly, as the last faint breath of the dying zephyr. Hark! what saith it? "WISDOM'S ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." What meaneth this? Surely, that wisdom never dictates war—never goes to war, as all her paths are peace—that it is not wise to war with our neighbors—that all troubles between man and man, or nation and nation, should be settled peaceably—and that it is not wise necessary to shed so much blood as would satisfy the thirst of a diminutive flea, to heal all the eruptions which occasionally burst forth between nations, and man and his fellow man.

My beloved hearers—St. Paul tells us (and he was something of a man, the only dark traits in his character being his old bachelor notions) in the text, plump and plain, in so many words, to "live peaceably with all men"; and wisdom informs us that if we would be happy, we must be peaceable. The Bible, that book of books, in its teachings, is replete with sentiments of peace. Jesus, who died that we wicked grub-worms of earth might live, never raised his arm in anger or uttered the cry of war, during all his persecutions here; and even when nailed to the rugged wood, and suffering the pangs of bodily death, his last words were—what? War! murder! kill the wretches! No, no—far, very far from this. He breathed out a prayer full

of peace and forgiveness: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He asked not his allpowerful parent above to cut them to the earth with the sword of avenging justice; but prayed that they might be forgiven,—that they might live,—that their blood, however foul and impregnated with sin, might not be shed. Here is an example worthy of imitation; and he who approximates nearest to it, will lead the happiest life,—will find his path strewn with the sweet scented flowers of peace, which will never wither and die, but will continue to blossom and send forth their pleasant odors, till he is invited to step from this theatre of earth, to join that celestial corps whose leading actor is the Great I-AM.

Beloved—There is no more wisdom in a man's quarreling with his fellow man, than there is in thinking to restore to health a consumptive person, who has already one foot in the grave, through the life-giving potency of brown-bread pills. 'Tis foolishness, yes, consummate folly, for a man to imagine that he can't possibly get along without kicking up a fuss, or defending one, with some of his neighbors, by hard words or still harder blows; and rest assured, my friends, he who does so imagine, must be dreadfully deficient in his upper story—he carries but a small deck load, and that so light, that a slight gust of wind would blow it overboard as easily as a sad victim of almost starvation would pry his very obsequious respects to a full plate of fried oysters.

Dear friends—There is no such word as war in the whole vocabulary of human happiness; and in that brighter sphere, which lies an infinite distance above this sin-rotten ball that we puny worms of a moment's life inhabit, war, that bloody word, is never heard. It never finds its way into that celestial lodge, composed of the spirits of just men made perfect, and the rest of the heavenly hosts. There all is peace,—perpetual peace,—and consequently the double roses of happiness and felicity are always in full bloom,—their delicious odors flow out perpetually, and are borne, on the gentle zephyrs of delight, throughout the immensity of the golden courts of the mansion of Him who spake as never man spake, and by whose power and kindness we live and move and have our being.

But some of you, my hearers, may think,—yes, do think, if I may judge from your actions,—that it is not possible for you to get along without some petty quarrels with your neighbors. I know the weakness of our natures,—that we are prone to wander from the straight and narrow path that leadeth us to perfection,—and I know too, that we may, if we will, gain the mastery over our fractious and tough-bitted passions so completely, that even though we lived in the neighborhood of old Satan himself, we could escape his subtle and blighting influence, and live in rectitude, and peace's bright sunshine. There is no mystery in the matter. If your hens stray away into a waspish neighbor's garden, whose very heart is a yearling volcano full of Satan's burning lava, and he, in strict accordance with his notions of right, instead of shooting them from his premises and requesting you to coop them, shoots them to the ground as dead as a last year's milkweed, what is the right course for you to pursue? Must you imitate him in his dark deeds, and the first time his innocent porker gets its nose into your will-pail, drive the cold lead through its swinish carcass? No, no! If you do this you'll soon miss your valuable cow or horse, as the case may be; and so continuing to shoot back and forth, you'll both shoot yourselves into poverty's grim grave. Render good for evil. Drive the fiend's porker, without having injured one of its bristles, to his door, and when he approaches, say to him,—Good sir, I found your animal on my premises, doing mischief, and not having it in my heart to injure the creature, and by doing so, injure my good neighbor and brother man, I have driven it home, hoping, if convenient, that you will hereafter keep the same from doing harm; but should the animal again get loose, and visit me, rest assured, I will not injure a hair of its hide." This will soften his stony heart, and if you continue ever to treat him so, you'll yet make a man of him—Tor, devil as he is, he can't live in such a moral atmosphere without becoming a man—without becoming metamorphosed—he can't help it, any more than the creeping, mean-looking caterpillar can change the design of the Omnipotent, and not become the beautiful, gaudy winged butterfly.

My beloved—Let peaceful means always be employed to settle difficulties whenever you are so unwise or so unfortunate as to get into their turbulent waters. Settle them among yourselves, and not run to the lawyers, for, if you do, and you have a long pull of it, as is too often the case, you will come off minus a whole skin. You all remember the fable of the two unwise cats that stole the cheese, and quarreled about dividing it, and finally went to a lawyer monkey to have the case settled; who held up his scales with one hand, and biting the cheese in two, put the pieces in the balance with the other hand, but found that one was heavier than the other, and so was obliged to bite and eat from the heavier to make the scales balance, but was always sure to bite a little too much; and wishing to do justice to the poor pussies, kept nibbling at the cheese, until the rogue finally devoured the whole, and sent his quarrelsome neighbors away empty. Well, this is the way you'll get served if you go to law; therefore the better way is to settle your troubles peaceably among yourselves, and then, you'll be sure to have something left to winter over on.

My hearers—There is no necessity for quarrels. Some of you very often think yourselves insulted, and flare up as smart and important as a young cock-turkey, or burst forth with as much force as a green elder pop-gun. Now this is foolish, and shows that you have no more government over yourselves, than a keg of powder has of stopping itself from burning after one kernel is ignited. I have lived several years in this nether world of ours, and have never been insulted, from the fact that I have always followed this golden rule, whose author I have forgotten. If a person tries to insult me, I say to him, "Sir, a wise and good man would not insult me, and no other can."

Hoping that you may profit by your humble servant's example and the few feeble words spoken, and that you may live in peace on earth, and finally when you come to kick off the last mantle that binds you to this terrestrial house of clay, that you may go home to that celestial "mansion, not made with hands," and there exist as happily as clams at high water, I bid you an affectionate farewell until we meet again. So mought it be!

In 1814 St. Louis had a population of 2000. It has now 35,000 inhabitants.

Doings of the Legislature.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11.

SENATE.—Mr. Dunn by leave laid upon the table, Resolves in favor of the town of Maxfield, and on his motion the rule was suspended, statement of facts read, and the Resolves passed to be engrossed.

Petitions presented and referred.—Of Horace Bennett and others, to be set off from Plymouth, and annexed to Newport; of Simeon Billings for the same.

On motion of Mr. Holden proceeded to the consideration of resolves providing for an amendment of the constitution in relation to the election of Representatives to the Legislature.

Mr. Holden moved to amend to the effect that two trials should be had instead of one, on which failing to elect, on the third trial the person, having the greatest number of votes should be declared elected.

This amendment was adopted, and on motion of Mr. Tallman the resolves were laid on the table.

Mr. Swan from the committee on education submitted a report accompanied by a bill establishing a board of commissioners of common schools.

Mr. Tallman moved that the report and bill be laid upon the table and two thousand copies be printed for the use of the Legislature.

After some debate the motion to print, prevailed.

House.—Resolves for the promotion of education in Madawaska, &c. came back from the Senate, that body insisting on its vote passing the same to be engrossed.

Mr. Howe (by request) moved to lay the resolve on the table.

Mr. R. F. Perkins opposed, and Mr. Allen advocated the motion—when it was agreed to, 53 to 47.

The motion to consider the vote refusing a passage to the bill additional to incorporate the Bangor Boom Company, taken up.

Mr. Paine advocated reconsideration, and promised to move an amendment by striking out all except what related to the liquidation of damages for lands taken, &c. The vote was reconsidered, the bill amended as suggested, and as amended, passed.

Passed to be engrossed—Bill to incorporate an Agricultural and Horticultural Society; altering the time of holding the Spring Term of the District Court in Piscataquis county.

SENATE.—Finally passed—Resolve amending the several counties, cities, towns, plantations, and classes, in the State of Maine, at the fourth apportionment.

Message from the Governor, transmitting report of Commissioners to locate grants and determine the extent of proprietary claims under the late Treaty with Great Britain, appointed in pursuance of Resolves of February 21, 1843; and also, Annual Report of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and Resolutions of the State of Illinois.

House.—Mr. Lee of Howland, called up where the House refused a passage to the resolve for the repair of the fish river road, and demanded the yeas and nays on reconsideration, and they were ordered.

After some remarks by Messrs. Paine, Lee, G. W. and R. F. Perkins, Prentiss, Chadwick and Hayden, the latter gentleman moved to lay the motion on the table. Lost—yeas 27, nays 102.

Mr. Prince advocated reconsideration, and detailed the facts adduced before the committee in support of the necessity of the appropriation. The motion to reconsider was then agreed to—yeas 78, nays 50.

This bill was debated at considerable length, and on motion of Mr. Duane, the previous question passed to be engrossed—yeas 72, nays 57.

Mr. Burbank called up the bill to set off a part of Watford to Alfred, and the question was on the indefinite postponement in concurrence with the Senate.

Some amendments were offered and refused, and the resolve was ordered, and the bill was indefinitely postponed, in concurrence with the Senate.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

SENATE.—Bill to provide in part for the expenditures of Government came from the House, that body nonconcurring the amendment of the House, appropriating instead of four thousand, six thousand dollars for the education of the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. Dunn moved that the Senate insist on its former vote.

The motion was advocated by Messrs. Rose, and Frye, and opposed by Messrs. Otis, and Deering. The motion was refused. The Senate receded and concurred the House, and passed the bill to be engrossed.

On motion of Mr. Swan, Bill in relation to Steam Navigation corporations was taken up. The amendment of Mr. Otis was adopted, and the question was on the bill.

Mr. Dunn asked the yeas and nays, and the bill passed to be engrossed—yeas 14, nays 6.

On motion of Mr. Deering, proceeded to the consideration of resolves providing for an amendment of the Constitution in relation to the election of Representatives to the Legislature.

They passed to be engrossed—yeas 21, nays 7.

House.—Resolve in favor of J. W. Haines, (granting him 6 lots of land, on condition of his building a saw mill, &c.) came up on its passage to be engrossed.

Mr. R. F. Perkins explained and advocated the resolve.

Mr. Midram opposed it, and in conclusion, moved the indefinite postponement of the resolve.

Mr. Berry opposed the resolve. He said it was time that these jobs were put up at auction for competition. He would agree to do the work specified in the resolve for one lot less.

Mr. G. W. Perkins advocated the resolve. The motion to indefinitely postpone was then lost.

Mr. Midram moved to strike out six and insert five lots. Lost, 46 to 47.

Mr. Midram moved to amend by requiring Mr. Haines to build a grist-mill also.—Lost.

The resolve then passed to be engrossed—55 to 49.

Mr. Gerry called up the bill to divide the town of Anson, to incorporate the town of South Anson, and the question was on its passage to be engrossed in concurrence.

After some debate, on motion of G. W. Perkins, the bill was referred to the next Legislature—79 to 56.

Passed to be enacted—Bill to incorporate the Harper Library Association; to incorporate the town of Waldo; additional to incorporate the Sanford Manufacturing Company; to extend the authority of the Kennebec Log Driving Company; additional to 14th Chapter of Revised Statutes; authorizing the erection of a wharf in the tide waters of Eastport.

Finally passed—Resolve in favor of Elliot G. Vaughan.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14.

SENATE.—Mr. Tallman presented petition of S. D. Reed and fourteen others for compensation for injuries to the Salmon fishery in Kennebec river, occasioned by the erection of the Kennebec dam, which on his motion was referred to the Committee on Fisheries.

Passed to be engrossed—Resolve in favor of J. W. Haines was amended and passed as follows:

Passed to be enacted—Bill to incorporate the town of Waldo; additional to the 14th chapter of the Revised Statutes; to extend the authority of the Kennebec Log Driving Company; to authorize the erection of a wharf in tide waters in Eastport; to incorporate the Harper Library Association.

Mr. Dunn, by leave, laid upon the table bill to incorporate the Literary Union of Lewiston Falls Academy, which had two readings and passed to be engrossed.

Bill to divide the town of Anson and incorporate the town of South Anson, came from the House referred to the next Legislature. On motion of Mr. Dunn the Senate insist on its vote passing the bill to be engrossed.

Mr. Sherburne called up the bill additional to the sixteenth chapter of the Revised Statutes (Militia Bill). Several amendments were adopted and on motion of Mr. Hastings, the bill was recommitted.

Mr. Tallman moved to consider the vote, and asked the yeas and nays. The motion prevailed, postponement; which was refused—yeas 11, nays 14.

Mr. Otis was excused from voting.

Mr. Deering moved to strike out all after the fifth section. This motion was supported by Mr. Tallman, and opposed by Mr. Hastings, who without upon the table.

House.—Mr. Hayden called up from the table the motion to reconsider the vote whereby the bill to incorporate the Machias port and East Machias Toll (draw) Bridge Company.

The motion to reconsider was then taken and lost—yeas 58, nays 74.

Reference to next Legislature.—On petition of Hugh Shirley et al.; of Samuel Turner et al.

SENATE.—Bill to prevent the destruction of Moose and Deer, was taken up and indefinitely postponed.

Passed to be enacted—Bill to incorporate Newport Academy; additional to an act to incorporate the Sanford Manufacturing Company; to incorporate the Lee Normal Academy; to prohibit special warrants; additional to thirteenth chapter of the Revised Statutes; to incorporate the proprietors of the Bath New Church Temple.

Vote refusing a passage to the resolve in favor of Joseph Williamson was on motion of Mr. Sherburne reconsidered and the resolve finally passed.

House.—Mr. Blaney called up the resolve appropriating \$500 for the repair of the Mooshead Lake Road.

The Muse.

ORIGINAL.
HOPE.

BY JOHN S. LYNDX.
In life so like the leaves that fade,
When autumn frost is near,
That grief shall all its joys invade,
When sorrow's clouds appear!
Oh, though long the heart beat true,
O'erwhelmed with life and strife,
It may yet drink sweet hope again,
And thro' with joys of life.
If rising winds sweep o'er the soul,
And long their fury last,
Shall buds of hope no leaves unroll,
But fade before the blast?
Oh, not that heart so grieved and torn,
With surging strife and pain,
May wake to life all weary-worn,
And leap with joys again,
Just like the harp neglected long,
For years had ceased to ring,
May softly wake sweet tones again,
Should gentle sweep its strings.
Though years may come to fade the eye,
And snow-wreaths round us throw,
Shall life's dim clouds before us lie,
And deep their darkness grow?
Oh, not that life may lose its joys,
And all the heart endure,
Still hope unveil fairer joys,
Beyond this vale of tears.
Our pulse of life, it throbs so light,
May cease its throbs and fire,
And as we pass down death's dim night,
Shall hope's last rays expire?
Oh, not that breaks fresh morning light,
Bright through the starless sky,
To light with glory death's dark night,
And bless the closing eye!

March 6, 1845.

ORIGINAL.

"All things speak of God."

In the silvery light of the gentle moon,
In the bright broad beams of the sun at noon,
In the flash of lightning, glancing far,
In the golden orb of the midnight star,
In the changing fires of the beauteous sky,
Trooping and flinging their flames on high,
In the beauteous arch, of varied hue,
By angels drawn, on canvas blue;
In the trail of the meteor, flying on,
To this as though its home were gone;
In all that's beautiful, all that's bright,
The letters flash in living light,
Flashing before the eye of man,
His maker's name, the Great I AM.
In the chorus rung by the voice of spring,
Each tree, each shrub, each green-leaved thing,
From its dim chamber, raves out a note,
To chime with that from the warbler's throat;
Till the chords of earth, all awed and hushed,
Pour to the breeze a mighty sound,
That seems to man, with his soul astrung,
Like the will, jargon of a babel tongue,
But swells away through the upper sky,
Till caught by the angel choirs on high,
Who tune their harps to the joyous sound,
And echo the anthem Heaven around.
The tinkling rills, that straggling roam,
Winding away to their ocean home,
At every dell and every nook,
Gladly receive the little brook,
Till swollen to a river, deep and wide,
With a heaving bust, the changing tide,
They start at the depths that before them lie,
Deep and blue, like a nether sky;
Then leap, at a bound, the rugged rock,
Earth shudders and groans at the fearful shock;
And the froth-filled pools, with a hiss and fear,
Whirl and dance in their mad career;
Then quiet, still and calm again,
They softly glide to the boundless sea,
And pass away to the boundless sea,
As passes time to eternity.
But the rill and the brook and the river wide,
In the thundering flow and quiet glide,
Are mirrors clear, in whose bright sheen
The image of our God is seen.

March, 1845.

REX.

There is good poetry in this, let who will write it,
Eben. We should like to shake hands with you. [Ed.]

The Story Teller.

From the Boston Bee.

The Coquette.

BY HENRY F. CHEEVER.

CHAPTER I.

What a charming figure I shall make to-night at the ball!—this splendid string of pearls, and head-dress—this magnificent dress of rich brocade, and above all, my splendid present, this diamond brooch—how it glistens. The Lanes nor the Feltons, can have nothing like it. Oh, I shall eclipse them all, I shall be the belle of the evening—how delightful!

All this was uttered in one breath by Eliza Warren, a charming young lady of eighteen, as she viewed her whole length figure, in a splendid mirror before her.

Why, Eliza, are you not ready yet? Oh, dear me, the carriage will be here in a few moments, and then we shall have to wait for you.

You shall not wait for me, cousin Eliza, I shall be ready in time.

But you are not going to wear that simple white dress, to night, are you Eliza? asked the proud Eliza, as she looked from her own splendid dress, to the neat and snow white attire of her cousin, Eliza Morrill.

Certainly, dear cousin, I shall wear it—it becomes me very well, and you know, that my father cannot afford me the splendid dresses that you wear—and I am content with a simple white gown. So saying the beautiful Eliza bounded out of the room, humming a light-some air.

What a contented thing she is, exclaimed Eliza, as her cousin left the room. Why, if I should dress as she does, my beaux would be few, and far between—now, heavens—I have more than I can please.

This bodice, it sets beautifully, and these shoes, are fit for a queen. And the dashing young lady promenade before the brilliantly lighted mirrors, in all her pride.

You see, dear cousin, that I am ready, said Eliza, that moment entering the room. Eliza, you look charming to-night. Oh, if George could only see you now.

Say no more to me of George Ashburn, said Eliza somewhat angrily, as she turned and looked from the window. But here is the carriage, come Eliza—bring my shawl and don't soil your white dress. This was uttered in a half laughing and half mocking voice, as Eliza left the door in company with a young gentleman who had entered. Taking her seat in the carriage, she was soon followed by the beautiful, but unpresenting Eliza Morrill.

In a few minutes they arrived at the place of pleasure—gay and enlivening strains of music reached their ears from the brilliantly lighted hall.

The door was opened, and the two young ladies stepped forth. A crowd of lookers-on had gathered round the entrance of the building, and the young ladies were subjected to their rude gaze.

By George, she beats them all, in way of dress, said one of the by-standers, as Eliza passed by them, into the building. Those pearls how they glistened, and that bracelet—nothing but a diamond could have flashed like that.

These words reached the quick ears of Eliza who chuckled with delight at the compliments, not meant for her ears. She soon reached the hall, and forgot all in the crowd of fashion, and the scene of pleasure around her.

We shall go back two years. George Ashburn at this time was the favored suitor of Eliza Warren. He was a tall, well made young man, of fine expressive features—and of most amiable disposition. In his manners, he was polite and affable, and well calculated to win the affections of all who knew him.

The father of George, had joined himself with a large mercantile house, established in the West Indies, and with his wife, and son, who was but fourteen years old, he set out for those Islands.

A year after their arrival, the mother of George died, and becoming discontented with the place, at the age of seventeen, George Ashburn took passage for Boston. Entering the store of the former partner of his father, he devoted himself diligently to business. Three years passed quickly by—and George Ashburn was the confidential clerk in the store of his employer. During this time he had become acquainted with the lovely and fascinating Eliza Warren, the daughter of a rich merchant and an heiress.

A year passed, from the time he had first seen her and he was the favored one, of the many, who sought her hand. It was early one bright morning in June, that George was proceeding to the counting-room of his employer. He was happy—the night before Eliza Warren whom he idolized, had consented to be his. She was now, the affianced bride of George Ashburn.

With a light heart, and a face bright with smiles, he entered the counting-room. Upon the desk lay a letter, directed to him, in the hand writing of his father—with an exclamation of joy he grasped the letter. It was sometime since he had heard from him. Examining the date he was about to break the letter open when it fell from his hands to the floor. His face usually so full of color, became suddenly of an ashy paleness.

The letter fell with the superscription downwards. It was sealed with a black seal. The bright smiles had fled, and his countenance was expressive of a dark foreboding as he stooped to pick the letter from the floor. With a trembling hand he broke the seal and read as follows:—

HAVANA.

ISLE OF CUBA, May, 16th, 18—

Dear George—my son.

Ere you receive this letter, your father will be in the grave. A dreadful distemper at this time rages on the Island; whoever is attacked falls a victim to the scourge.

Yesterday, I was attacked—to-day the fatal poison runs through my veins—to-morrow I shall die—no human power can prevent it. George, by perseverance and industry, I have acquired a princely fortune. It is yours—all—your life. I hoped that I should live to see you again, but in vain. I go, resigned to the will of God.

Already my strength begins to fail me. My eyes grow dim—the fearful malady increases—I feel the deadly pangs at my very vitals. Farewell, George—good-bye.

From your dying father,

GEORGE H. ASHBURN.

Thrice George read the letter of his father—and throwing himself into a chair, he wept tears of bitterest grief. By this event his happiness was dashed to the earth—in one moment his hopes crushed. His employer at this moment entered the store and inquired the cause of his grief. George gave him the letter. A tear came in the eye of Mr. Ellison as he read the fate of his old friend and former partner.

CHAPTER II.

Three days after, George had taken leave of all his friends, and of her he loved—from whom it was almost death, for him to part—and sailed for Havana. After a fair passage he arrived. On entering the place his heart sickened at the sight around him. Houses were closed, and the doors and windows barred. Places of business shut up, the owners being dead, or removed into the country. The dead carts were hurrying by, loaded with dead corpses, which filled the air, with a deadly effluvia. Every thing around looked gloomy and desolate. He was before the store of his father, it was closed—the sign was still up, with his name upon it. After some enquiries, he learned that the partners of his father had removed to the interior of the Island. He immediately set out for the place of their sojourn.

Three months elapsed ere Havana began to show signs of returning life and activity.

A year passed, and George was engaged in settling the affairs of his father. During this time he had received but two letters from Eliza Warren—the last, a cold and indifferent epistle.

False girl—bitterly shall she repent, for having trifled with my feelings. She loves me not, her vows were false—the girl I thought to make my bride on my return, is perhaps another. But George Ashburn the merchant's clerk—a dependent, as she thought, on his salary, was soon forgotten in the smiles of those around her. These were the words of George on finishing the letter.

Such indeed was the case—Eliza Warren had forgotten the clerk.

Fool that I was, exclaimed she, as she finished the second letter she had written him—to engage myself to him, a clerk—with no other means (in case I should have married him) to support me—but his salary of fifteen hundred. His father died, perhaps, a bankrupt. Who knows? And he is left a poor, dependent orphan. I marry him? Pish—never.

Uttering this in a disdainful tone, she sealed the letter, and directed it—and calling a servant, despatched him to the office with it.

Twelve months had fled, since Eliza Warren had written her lover. 'Twas night. The beautiful hall of P—'s was thronged with the gay and elite of the city. Music, swelling rich and loud, resounded through the brilliantly lighted room. The scene was gay and joyous. The dance was over—the music had ceased, and the merry dancers had some of them, retired to the elegant drawing-rooms. The richly cushioned divans, were also occupied by many of the beautiful ladies that thronged the hall. While others were promeneading over the smooth and highly polished floor, their beautiful forms pictured in the splendid mirrors that adorned the walls.

But who is that? around whom that crowd of young men had gathered? and whose lively conversation, spoke in a rich mellow voice,

is heard above all others—and on whom many a young lady casts an eye of jealousy.

It is the belle of the evening, Eliza Warren. Beside her sat the modest, and unpresenting Eliza Morrill, conversing in a low, and less familiar tone than that of her cousin, to a young gentleman near her. Her face wore a rather downcast expression, and she looked not like one who enjoyed the festive scene around her. All that evening she had hardly been noticed by her proud cousin, and the feelings of the young girl were hurt at the cold neglect. Becoming annoyed, at the number of young men who had gathered round her cousin and herself, she entreated of her to retire to the drawing-room. But her cousin was too much engaged, to mind the request. Finding no notice was taken of her, Eliza took the arm of the young gentleman, her companion, and was about to enter the drawing-room, when the outer-door of the hall opened, and a stranger, magnificently attired, entered.

CHAPTER III.

A buzz of admiration arose round the room, as the handsome stranger entered. He was a tall and elegantly formed young man. His features were regular as a Grecian maiden's—his hair, was of glossy black, and curled most beautifully over his finely shaped head. His eyes were dark hazel, bright and sparkling; his complexion was of a rich brown, yet clear as crystal. And what added still more to the beauty of his face, was a superb pair of whiskers, black as the hair upon his head.

He was richly dressed and his garment displayed his fine form to advantage, as with a manly step he trod the floor. He was accompanied by a young man whose name was Charles Raymond, a former admirer of Eliza Warren; a handsome young man, but like the rest of her admirers, cast off for some new face.

Who is he? was the question that passed from lip to lip, as the noble looking stranger crossed the floor. He's a foreigner, I know by his looks; Eliza Warren, I dare say, will have the first introduction, said a young lady almost within hearing of the stranger, as with a proud toss of her head, she tried in vain to catch his eye.

She was right.

Miss Warren, said Charles Raymond, advancing towards the proud beauty, permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Gustavus Hamilton.

With all the grace of a princess, she rose and saluted him.

At that moment the music called the dancers from their seats. She had his hand; he led her to the floor. A young man stepped to her side, unnoticed by Hamilton, and claimed her hand. She haughtily waved him aside, and with the gallant stranger, was soon threading the mazy dance. She was all delight; no one but herself had spoken to him; she had forgotten all, but him. All her arts and accomplishments were brought to bear against the heart of Hamilton. But in vain; a cold smile now and then played on his lips; and that was all.

In vain was the artillery of her charms levelled at him; his thoughts were on another; his eyes were bent in ardent gaze upon the form of a young girl near him; it was Eliza Morrill. Their eyes met, her's dropped, while a deep blush mantled her lovely face; again and again their eyes met, and as often would the tell tale blush rise to her face.

The dance was over, and Eliza was still engaged in conversation with Hamilton.

You are not a native of this place, I presume, said she as he seated himself beside her.

I have lived in the West Indies; arrived to-day from Havana.

Havana?—perhaps you know a young man whose name—

George Ashburn, I do, and have a package to deliver to you, which he entrusted to my care.

Hamilton handed her a sealed packet.

A mere friend of mine, a clerk when he left this place; he made some pretensions, but as foolish as they were unnoticed, said she, in an unfeeling tone, as she took the packet.

This was said with the evident intention of informing Hamilton that she was free so far as George Ashburn was concerned.

A clerk, you say? said Hamilton with a smile on his lips.

Yes, the acquaintance was slight; he was a visitor at my father's house—

Aye, and the betrothed of Eliza Warren, said Hamilton in a cutting tone, as he rose and left the seat.

She started, the blood rushed to her face as he spoke. Could George Ashburn have told him? was the question she asked herself as Hamilton left her. Chagrined and mortified at the exposure of her falsity, she rose and proceeded towards the drawing-room, alone; no arm was offered for her escort. Those whom she had slighted, now slighted her.

Entering the drawing-room, she seated herself, moodily, upon a couch. In one moment her brightest hopes were blasted. She had already pictured herself the wife of Hamilton, the rich West Indian merchant, as she supposed him. By her own words she had betrayed her false heart. She cursed George Ashburn in her thoughts, for Hamilton she well knew now despised her.

Again the music sounded, the merry dancers thronged the floor. Eliza Warren looked for Hamilton; she saw him just as he left the seat, with the hand of Eliza Morrill within his. Her jealousy was roused as she saw him gaze upon her cousin with heartfelt love beaming in his eyes. Her face was flushed; a slight tremor was visible upon her lips and chin; her eyes flashed fire, and she looked, the very devil of a woman, as she gazed upon him. He met her gaze, and casting at her a cold, scornful look, turned to the lovely girl beside him. Vexed, beyond all bearing, Eliza ordered her carriage and departed from the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a beautiful afternoon as Eliza Warren sat in the splendid parlor of her father's house. It was three months from the night of the ball, and Eliza Morrill had not visited her since. The cruel neglect of Eliza, on that night, had wounded her to the heart, and since that time she had not entered the house.

Taking a book from the marble center table near her, Eliza glanced over the pages; in a moment she replaced it; taking up another—this also was soon dropped; another shared the same fate. Books had ceased to amuse her mind. Seating herself at the piano, she began a tune; hardly had the notes struck her

ear, ere she stopped; the too familiar sound was no music to her ear. A gilded harp stood near her, she turned and ran her fingers lightly over the chords; for a moment, the rich toned instrument seemed to lull her impatience.

The door bell at that moment rung violently, she sprang from her seat. I hope it is Eliza, said she, I am so lonesome.

A servant entered with a card; she took it and read—George Ashburn, Tremont House.

I'm not at home, said she in a quick, angry tone, as she handed the card to the servant who departed with the lie. The next day at the same hour, the card was again presented, and again, Eliza Warren was not at home. The next day, for the third time the card was handed over; she took it and tore it to pieces, and seating herself at the table, she wrote as follows:

Mr. ASHBURN—

Sir—You will oblige me, by troubling me no more; I do not wish to see you, neither will I. Twice I have returned your card; the third, I tore to pieces. The engagement that has bound us, I now snap asunder. Your wife, I cannot be, for reasons, which I shall not state. Call me false, if you will, I care not; you have your ways, I have mine.

Henceforth, I am nothing to you. I trust this will answer.

ELIZA WARREN.

This letter was delivered. George Ashburn never called again.

Gustavus Hamilton, whom this disappointed young girl had hoped to entrap, by the art which had beguiled no small number of young men, was lost to her forever. In a short time he was to leave for Havana, and rumor said, with a wife; a lovely bride—Eliza Morrill.

Exactly four months from the night of the ball, the marriage ceremony, between Gustavus Hamilton and Eliza Morrill, was to be celebrated.

Eliza Warren received an invitation. Her first impulse was to decline it; but altering her mind she resolved to go.

Yes, I will go, said she, as she read the invitation a second time. I will see them married. Gustavus Hamilton, the man I love, I will behold wedded to Eliza Morrill, although my heart would fain be spared the scene. But for George Ashburn, I might have been his wife.

Her own words, had sunk her in the estimation of Hamilton; but she vented her spite upon George Ashburn. The wedding night was at hand. A brilliant throng had assembled to witness the nuptials. The company had nearly all arrived, as Eliza Warren entered. She bowed slightly to Hamilton. He, as lightly returned the salutation.

All was now in readiness, the nuptial ceremony was about to proceed, as Hamilton rose from his seat beside the one who was soon to be his wife; and fixed a piercing look upon Eliza Warren.

My friends, said he, as he turned to the assembled throng, you have hitherto known me as Gustavus Hamilton, it is now time that I should lay aside the name that does not belong to me—know me by my rightful name, George Ashburn!

Eliza Warren was thunderstruck at this avowal. The knowledge, that Gustavus Hamilton and George Ashburn, were one, was too much for her. She fainted, uttering the name of George Ashburn, in a wild piercing tone. By the aid of those around, she soon recovered and immediately left the house.

The marriage ceremony was begun—progressed—was over. Eliza Morrill was the wife of George Ashburn.

It was, indeed, he—two years residence in the West Indies had so altered him, that even his most intimate friends had not recognized him. He had grown much larger, and taller. His face, which was as clear and beardless as a woman's, ere he left this city, had yielded him a superb pair of whiskers—these, with the rich brown hue his face had acquired beneath the influence of a tropical sun, had completely disguised him. The business like air, and the rich dress he always wore, also, added much to the disguise.

Three months after his marriage, he, with his bride sailed for Havana. The fortune left him he had invested with the former partners of his father, with whom he was now a partner.

The young men of her acquaintance had nearly all of them married—but not one had offered himself to Eliza Warren, the Coquette.

LEGAL ELOQUENCE. Gentlemen of the jury—

Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man who has labored sustained a high degradation in society, a man you all on you suspect and esteem for his many good qualities; yes gentlemen, a man what never drinks more than a quart of likker a day, can you, I say, for an instant, suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hooking a box of percutum caps! Rattlesnakes and coonskins forbid! Prier to yourselves gentlemen, a feller fast asleep in his Log Cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side, all nature hushed in deep repose, and nought to be heard but the muttering of the silent thunder, and the hollering of bullfrogs, then imagine to yourself a fellow sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the dwelling of the peaceful and happy family, and in the most mendacious and dastardly manner, hooking a whole box of percutum! Gentlemen, I will not, I cannot dwell upon the monstrosity of such a scene! My feelings turn from such a picture of moral turpitude, like a big woodchuck would turn from my dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbor the idea that any man in these degenerate, much less this ere man, could be guilty of committing an act of such rantankerous and unexampled discretion.

And now gentlemen, after this ere brief review of the case, let me entreat you to make up your minds candidly and impartially and give us such a verdict as we might reasonably suspect from such an enlightened and intolerable body of our fellow-citizens, remembering that in the language of Nimrod, who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that ten innocent men escape, rather than one guilty one should suffer. Judge, give us a chew of tobacco.

"I say, Boz, where dat comet rise at?" "It rise in the 46 meriden ob de frezin sodac, as laid down in the comit almanak." "Well, where do him set, Boz?" "Set, you black fool—him don't set nowhere—when 'em gets tired of shinin, him goes into his hole, ob course."

CONSIDERABLY TRUE.—A rhyming inebriator in the Boston Post thinks that sleigh-riding, in a cold night, is not what it is cracked up to be—and concludes his dissertation as follows:

"Some love to roam o'er the dark snow lands,
When the wild winds whistle free;
But to ride for fun, and freeze one's nose,
Is not the life for me."

Dry Goods at Cost,

At Pierce's Cheap Cash Store,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

For thirty days.

THE subscriber commencing his business the coming spring, and now offers his entire stock of dry goods at cost, for 30 days.

This stock consists in part, of broadcloths, cassimeres, satinetts, vestings, tailor's trimmings, and gentlemen's furnishing goods, of every variety.

Ladies' cloaks and dress goods, some very choice patterns; prints of every style; sheetings; brown and bleached shirtings, drillings and tickings; white and colored flannels; Merino and lamb's wool hose; Cashmere and kid gloves; linen handkerchiefs, &c. &c. The whole comprising a large assortment of dry goods as can be found in this market.

An opportunity is now offered for purchasers to supply themselves with dry goods, cheap, as it is our wish to close our entire stock by the first of April.

Merchants wishing to replenish their stocks are particularly invited to call, as every article will (positively) be offered at cost.

A. J. PIERCE.
Augusta, Feb. 20, 1845.

Farm for Sale.

THE excellent farm which was the residence of the late Gen. JOHN TURNER, is now offered for sale on the most reasonable terms. It contains 230 acres of land, and is considered one of the pleasantest and best farms in the County of Oxford. Those who wish to purchase are respectfully invited to call on CHARLES CUSHING on the premises, or on JAMES TORREY of North Turney.

North Turney, Feb. 20th, 1845.

JAMES TORREY.

Hardware Notice.

THE subscribers wish to inform their customers, and all wanting Hardware Goods, that their Assortment of Hardware, Cutlery, Iron, Steel, Hollow Ware, Stoves and Tin Ware, is complete, and prices as low as the lowest. All are invited to call and see for themselves.

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.
Augusta, Dec. 23, 1844.

German Tonic & Aromatic Bitters.

FORMERLY Prepared by Doct. D. F. Bradley, Boston. This fine Herbal Medicine is a compound of surpassing excellence and perfection, highly refined; extremely agreeable to the taste, and remarkably warming, stimulating and invigorating in all its effects on the system. It is eminently powerful and concentrated yet smooth and delicious as the mildest wine.

It is an unquestionable and never failing remedy for impurity of the blood, indigestion, dyspepsia, jaundice, loss of appetite, faintness, sinking of the stomach, lowness of spirits, weakness, dizziness, and general debility of the system.

It is also exceedingly efficacious in restoring constitutions broken down by sedentary employments, and has been extensively used by clergymen, students, editors, printers, clerks, seamstresses, and numerous others, whose health has been injured by confinement and close application to business. It restores the action of the stomach, increases the quantity of blood, and imparts to the wan and emaciated system of the invalid, the vigor and glow of confirmed health.

The price of the German Restorative is \$1 per bottle. For sale by E. Ladd, E. Fuller, and Druggists, Bicknell, Augusta; S. Adams, S. Page & Co., and B. Wales, Hallowell; H. Smith & Co., A. F. Perkins, and G. M. Atwood, Gardiner; F. S. Bowles & Co., H. Hyde, and A. G. Page, Bath; W. Baker, Brunswick; E. Deane, Wiscasset; N. Perkins & Co., Topsham; A. Plaisted, Waterville; H. H. Flagg, and George Colman, Portland; G. L. Pease, East Wilton; Thomas Frye, Vassalboro'; H. Nason, Farmington; A. F. Parlin, and Faller & Dyer, Skowhegan; C. Patten & Co., and G. W. Ladd, Bangor; and wholesale and retail by

SAMUEL ADAMS, Hallowell.

January 9, 1845.

Whitney's Machine Shop.

THE subscriber has recently erected a building at the corner of Bridge and Commercial Streets, in Augusta, and has in operation a steam engine and all other machinery necessary for manufacturing all the varieties of TURNING IN IRON AND WOOD, such as mill work of various kinds, Axles, &c. &c. Beside, and in connection with the above, repairs of Machinery will be attended to promptly, and in a satisfactory manner. He hopes, by a faithful and diligent attention to his business, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

ELIAS S. WHITNEY
Augusta, Feb. 6, 1845.

Sawyer & Kelso,

Have taken the upper story of the above named shop of Mr. E. S. WHITNEY, where they manufacture and have constantly on hand, for sale, WINDOW BLINDS, DOORS, and PANEL DOORS. House builders, contractors, and all others interested in building, can be furnished with the above at a great saving from the prices paid for the same work done by manual labor alone.

N. B. S. & K. will, in a few days, be prepared to do all kinds of PLANING and TENONING.

Feb. 6, 1845.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption. THE great English Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption, is the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by the celebrated Dr. Buchan of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The extraordinary success of this medicine, in the cure of Pulmonary diseases, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balm has cured and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quick nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balm of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption, in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the lungs, bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, night sweats, emaciation and general debility, asthma, influenza, whooping cough, and croup.

Sold in large bottles, at \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of Health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates, and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the Agents, gratuitously.

DAVID F. BRADLEE, sole Agent for the United States, 119 Court street, Boston.

Agents—Augusta, S. S. RROOKS, No. 4, Merchant's Row, DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL, J. E. LADD, Hallowell, S. Page, A. Pease, Gardner, H. Smith, & Co.; Waterville, R. W. Tracy; Wiscasset, J. B. Smith; Belfast, H. Washburn; Bangor, D. Bugbee; Portland, E. Mason; Thomaston, T. Fogg, &